The Calliope

Student Journal Of Art And Poetry



FOREWORD

Oftentimes as instructors, we tend to see our students as "students" and only as students. In other words, we focus only on teaching students the skills they need in order to complete the classroom tasks they are assigned. While we encourage their creativity, their creativity still resides in the confines of some assignment we create. Since its inception in 2011, The Calliope has provided a platform for hundreds of artists: those who create meaning with images and those who create images with words. The Calliope is an opportunity for students to display their creativity with only the page to confine their works while the inspiration elicited stretches far beyond the 6x9 journal.

The Calliope contains illustrations produced by student artists and ten poems chosen from several student submissions. We hope you will enjoy this edition.

Sincerely,

Keith Morris and Shawn Whittington

Student Poetry Editors:

Kamilah Ware

Armani Wilson

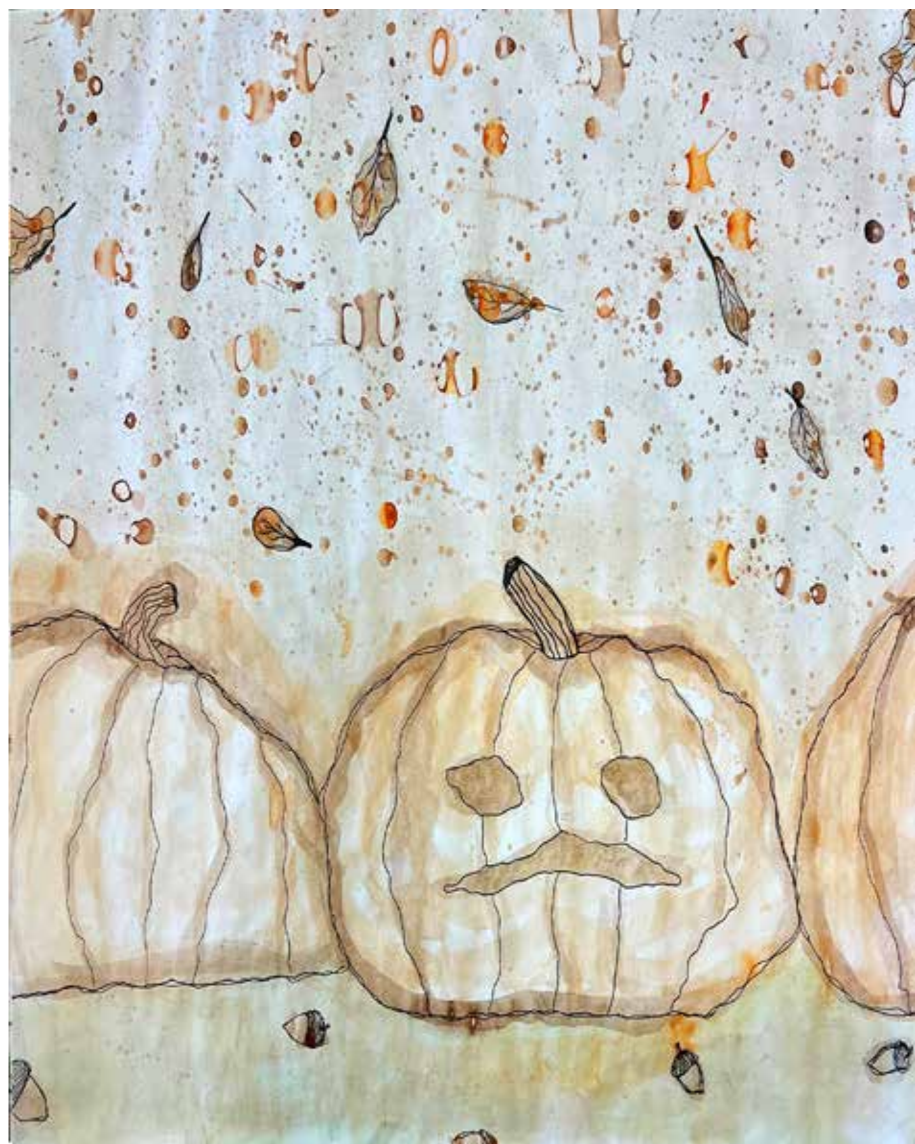
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POEMS

Memories

By Nailah Slatter

As I sit here today
All the smells are becoming memories.
Because when I smell this smell in a café on a random Tuesday 10,000 miles away
I will be taken back to this current moment in time.
Even if I don’t remember exactly what it is.
I’ll feel the memories rush over like a refreshing cold splash of water.
Or a cool fall breeze on a Thursday night
The smell of the leaves
The Halloween pumpkins melting away.
And it’s cold.
And I feel the memories rush over
Like the last fall before this one
It was cold.
And the Halloween pumpkins were melting.
And the leaves
And the memories
That tells me to keep going.



Untitled

By Lillyan Madrid

After you’ve gone,
the moon appears.
Others know when it's full,
while I wait for you to tell me.

After you’ve gone,
silence haunts me.
My heart aches,
while others know how to be.

Before you leave,
please have patience for it’s the first time I have seen the moon.
How can I interpret what the moon is trying to say without you here?
As you’ve gone,
I realize now that you were never there.
Through many nights it has always and forever just been me.
I have created you like how you have created the moon.



D.N.H.

By Anna Thomas

I never interacted with you much, and I don’t have many memories with you.
In fact, I stopped thinking about you a long time ago;
Despite this, I still knew you were about, somewhere in the world.
Now that you’re gone, I think about you almost daily.
My chest aches when your face flashes across my thoughts,
And a once joyful song is now known to me as the one they played at your funeral.

I shouldn’t feel this way.
I made no effort to stay in contact or to check on you.
I hardly knew anything about you.
Who am I to hurt at your passing when I only regarded you as a passerby in my life?
What right do I have to sadness on your behalf?

It is not a mourning of the loss of daily routine,
rather of the loss of a member of memory,
and the only one who held the entranceway to
understanding your being.
Your death is comparable to the destruction of
Alexandira's library:
I know not what knowledge was held, just that a great
wealth is gone, never to be recovered.

I hope you never thought of me, as I did for you:
I think that would make it worse, to know I was
significant.
I hope you were so busy doing what you wanted that you
forgot about me.
I think we parted on good – or at least neutral – terms.
I hope it was quick and that you felt nothing.



Untitled

By Lillie Palmer

I am fire.
I am rare.
I am unique.
I despise wearing a mask for people to enjoy a decoy of myself.
You use me as a fill in friend to avoid your loneliness.
I will not be used like a tool.
I am not your pet.
Nor am I your last choice.
My anger and passion burn so bright you can barely put it out.
If you can’t accept my true self, you do not deserve my fire.



Untitled

By Carmen Birmingham

The love I bestow and share
The heartbreak I feel despair
For I thought we loved
Divorced is the one word I am now known as
I change the way
Sire agreed, so there is no other say
I mistook my place, lord oh why
Beheaded is the one word I am now known as
True love I believe
They say he truly loves me
Through love comes life, but not yet held
Died is the one word I am now known as
I only feel the fear at the journey ahead
I arrive and instantly fear for my head
A home away I am favorable

Divorced is the one word I am now known as
I am no stranger to the lies they hold
This is the game I will win, then grow old
Why can I not stay true
Beheaded is the one word I am now known as
I have never cared for love of convenience
He has tried to take my head for many reasons
On the deathbed he does lay
Survived is the one word I am now known as
We all lived different lives
All ruined by one tyrant
May our souls rest in eternal peace



Pain

By Tytianna Brooks

Pain
A drug the ruthless feeds on
The wall a villain leans on
But the helpless seeks to avoid
Sorrow
What pain depends on
Depression
What pain leads on
As happiness grows annoyed
No one wishes to seek it
But one slip, ye just may reach it
For pain is never far
Beware what path ye follow
A bruise could lead to sorrow
But the pain shall leave a scar



Exalted in the Highest

By Sara Davis

I don't need you to say a word
Just let me experience your presence.
Over and over again
Everyday

You light my life when you open your eyes

My heart flutters when you take in a new breath

As you sit down to that old kitchen table,
Eating the same plain, scrambled eggs you've eaten a thousand times before,
I don't know if I could be happier.

When your pen makes contact with paper to write a grocery list,
I bask in awe
Of a new work of art, just for me
Your bright, graphic Ts and worn, faded jeans
Steal my thoughts for hours at a time.

Your voice scores our whorl-wind romance,
As we sweep the halls of our modest home.

All the moments I was burdened with before
I buzz in anticipation
To experience them by your side
My Madonna,
I can't wait to sit and do taxes with you.

Hello Jackson♡, to day is your 22 birthday!!! I know you think
I got you alot of presents, but in all honesty this is the best one I could
give you. I say this because I drew this flower from the emotions you
make me feel. Around you I feel soft, fragile, beautiful, and confident
Which makes me love you all the more, but this isn't about me. I would
like to start this off with these small things I notice/love about



you. When ever we are in a social setting, I know I can look
at you at any time and just know you
are looking at me with the
biggest smile on your face.
your silly humor, I
know I might roll my eyes and just
smile but in all honesty it makes m
happy seeing you laugh at your
own silly jok
because I am also secretly Laughing
I know you talk about my eyes
alot, but yours... your
looking at me. This is eyes make me melt every time I see you
your passion, Love, kindness, because when I look into your eyes I see
you I feel at peace, and and our future. Just being around
with just that simple feeling it means
the world to me. You are my person. The only person I want in my
life and grow old together. I could go longer about all the simple
characteristics about you that I noticed, but you are my every thing. :)
Every day I am thinking about you 24/7, wondering if your having a good
day or what you're doing. I cant wait to see you tomorrow Sweetie. But I
mostly cant wait until we are with each other every morning and
night. ♡ Happy Birthday Sweetie♡ - MJ PS- I Love you hehe

Just Pretend

By Kent Humphries

Can we just pretend?
Pretend to be in love dreaming of a life together.
Can we pretend to be astronauts exploring the cosmos?
Can we pretend to be pirates scourging the seas?
I want to pretend the skies are blue and the world has color.
Pretend that we don't have any worries.
Pretend there's not a care in the world.
I want to pretend that everything’s fine and I'll be ok.
I want to pretend that I can get over it.
Can we pretend nothing changed?
Can I pretend you never left?



Spring Festival

By James Ross

His back arched
Carrying the weight of grief
A slow turtle
Breezing through *the Red Sea*
Between him and me
Powdered vermillion
Flickering in chaotic harmony

Bamboo’s splinter
And hair of midnight rabbit
Dip into stirred pine
To ink legend
To ink promise
The scaring away
Of malicious monster
In a language not my own

At the height of it all
I stand there
crowded but alone
Wondering
if
The colour red
Loud bangs
Bright sparks
Could scare away my monsters too

The old man smiled
And revealed my name
Characters inked onto pomegranate paper

A new beginning.

On My Own

By Crissen McCoy

Seems like yesterday
When everything I said was just a song
You already knew the words to
But now that's gone away
And I'm forced to sing my melody without a harmony
That's not how it's supposed to be

You and me were so in key
But we fell flat on the ground
Wish I knew that we weren't meant to be
Always felt like you were part of me
Never one without the other
In the rain you were my cover
Now the lightnings catching up with me
And you're not here where you used to be
I'm on my own

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